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## LAMBERT, THE 'HERO AND MARTYR.'

AN interesting jury-trial concerning copyright lately took place in the Court of Session, Scotland. The complainant was Charles Reade, D.C.L., an eminent literary man in London; the defenders were George Outram & Co., printers and publishers of the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper. The complaint was substantially this: Mr Reade had written a story styled 'A Hero and a Martyr,' which, while retaining the copyright, he gave to be printed for a proper consideration in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Without leave asked, or any communication whatever, the *Glasgow Herald* copied the story; and this was an action for damages on the score of an invasion of copyright. There could be no doubt as to the extreme impropriety of so copying the story. The publishers of the *Herald* were clearly in the wrong. Floating news may be freely copied by one newspaper from another, but not a story or narrative valuable in a literary point of view. The justice of the complaint being recognised by the court, the jury assessed the damages at ninety pounds.

We should not have mentioned the case but for the special purpose of calling the attention of our readers to the character and present condition of the hero and martyr who forms the subject of the story. The story, in its leading features, is no fiction, but a true account of a frail and blind old man in Glasgow, named James Lambert, who is noted for having saved numerous persons from drowning. In the *Scotsman* newspaper, issued a few days after the trial, Mr Reade tells this poor man's history in the following brief and touching manner.

'There is an old man in Glasgow who has saved more than forty lives in the Clyde, many of them with great peril to his own. Death has lately removed a French hero, who was his rival, and James Lambert now stands alone in Europe. The Frenchman saved more lives than Lambert, but then he did most of his good work with a boat and saving gear. The Scot had nothing but his own active body, his rare power of suspending the breath, and his lion heart. Two of his feats far

surpass anything recorded of his French competitor: he was upset in a boat with many companions, seized and dragged to the bottom, yet contrived to save them nearly all; and on another occasion, when the ice had broken under a man, and the tide had sucked him under to a distance of several yards, James Lambert dived under the ice, and groped for the man till he was nearly breathless, and dragged him back to the hole, and all but died in saving him. Here the chances were nine to one against his ever finding that small aperture again, and coming out alive. Superior in daring to his one European rival, he has yet another title to the sympathy of mankind: he is blind; and not by any irrelevant accident, but in consequence of his heroism and his goodness. As this matter was inadvertently misstated the other day in the course of the trial "*Reade v. Outram & Co.*," I will be the more exact. He was working at a furnace one wintry day, and perspiring freely. The cry got up that a man was drowning. He flung himself, all heated as he was, into icy water, and when he came out he lost his sight for a time on the very bank. His sight returned; but ever after that day he was subject to similar seizures. They became more frequent, and the intervals of sight more rare, until the darkness settled down, and the light retired for ever.

'The meaning of the word "martyr" is—a man who is punished for a great virtue by a great calamity. Every martyr in Foxe's book, or Butler's, or the *Acta Sanctorum*, or the *Vita Patrum Occidentis*, comes under that definition; but not more so than James Lambert: and the hero who risks his life in saving, is just as much a hero as he who risks his life in killing, his fellow-creatures. Therefore I do not force nor pervert words, but weigh them well, when I call James Lambert what he is—a hero and a martyr. That is a great deal to say of any one man; for all of us who are really men or women, and not, as Lambert once said to me, "mere broom-besoms in the name o' men," admire a hero, and pity a martyr, alive or dead.

'So, then, the Frenchman I have mentioned had one great title to sympathy, whereas Lambert has two; and this is how France treated her heroic son: He lived at the public expense, but free as air. The public benefactor was not locked up and hidden from the public. His breast was emblazoned with medals, and amongst them shone the great national order the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen have sighed for in vain; and when he walked abroad every gentleman in the country doffed his hat to him. Thus does France treat a great saver of human lives. James Lambert lives at the public expense, but not as that Frenchman lived. It grieves my heart to say it; but the truth is, James Lambert lives unhappily. He is in an almshouse, which partakes of the character of a prison. It is a gloomy, austere place, and that class of inmates to which he belongs are not allowed to cross the threshold upon their own business, except once in a fortnight. But to ardent spirits loss of liberty is misery. Meanly clad, poorly fed, well imprisoned, and little respected—such is the condition of James Lambert in Glasgow, his native city. Yet he is the greatest man in that city, and probably the only man now living in it whose name will ring in history a hundred years hence—the greatest saver of lives in Europe; a man whose name is even now honoured in India and Australia, in the United States and Canada, and indeed from the rising to the setting sun, thanks to his own merit, the power of the pen, and the circulation of the press—a true hero, and a true martyr, glorious by his deeds and sacred by his calamity. Shall this great public benefactor, afflicted by Heaven, end his days in obscure unhappiness, when men can help it? Shall he be left in the hands of a local charity, which despises those it benefits, and lets them see it? Shall he be hidden from the public, when such men are the greatest human ornaments in the streets of any city? I propose, on the contrary, that we endeavour to rise to the intellectual and moral level of France in this case. Let the public deal direct with this public benefactor, and in a manner creditable to the public. Let us do our own duty for once, and take him into our own hands.

'I ask the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of Scotland to enable me to buy this man a small government annuity of 15s. per week. The whole sum required for this is, I believe, £400. But nothing like that sum is now asked by me. I raised a subscription for the purpose in England some time ago, and there is more than £200 lying at my bankers [Herries & Co., 16 St James Street] under an account entitled the "Lambert Fund." Moreover, the Court of Session has just awarded me a sum of damages in a case which has got mixed with this, and whatever balance may come to me after payment of the costs will be transferred to the Lambert Fund, and go to reduce the sum now required.

My whole scheme is to purchase the annuity for trustees, who will undertake to disburse it weekly to James Lambert for the remainder of his days. Of course, I cannot take any personal part in this arrangement. I live in London; and do not expect to live so long as James Lambert, though he is my senior. But I am quite sure I shall find men of high position in Glasgow who will undertake that the disbursement shall be weekly, and that neither the imprudence which may be expected from a hero who goes under the ice after so ungrateful a thing as a man, nor the ill example of false friends, may defeat the benevolence of an intelligent and grateful public.'

We have done what is in our power to give publicity to the benevolent appeal made by Mr Reade on behalf of the poor and deserving old man; and will be glad to hand over any sum intrusted to us to the 'Lambert Fund.' The success of the appeal cannot, we think, be doubtful. W. C.

## FALLEN FORTUNES.

### CHAPTER XLII.—THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

LIFE is not all sorrow even to the sorrowful. There are hours when the sick are well, when the toilers are enfranchised, when the poor are wealthy. It may be that they only seem so by comparison with their usual lot (for has not happiness been defined by a sad sage as freedom from pain?); yet they *are* happy; buoyant, thankful, believing for a little while that the sun shines for them as well as for others; that Fate is not, after all, so hard. Thus it was with the two sisters as they sat together in the railway carriage, the one disclosing, the other drinking in, the details of a literary success.

The baby was asleep, and Tony was endeavouring to teach the open-mouthed maid the rudiments of travelling piquet. She would count the sheep per head instead of per flock, and in doing so missed the magpies, the donkeys, and all that was really valuable upon her side of the way.

'This news is wonderful, dear Jenny,' cried Kitty admiringly. 'The idea of your being a real live author! I thought that you had some idea of getting money by your lace-work; and so did dear mamma. We used to talk about it together, though we never spoke of it to you, and she used to tremble so lest you should meet with some disappointment. She said people would not think so much of your lace, beautiful as it was, when they had to pay for it.'

'She was right, Kitty. I failed in the lace-line; I thought I would try literature.'

'Extraordinary!' murmured Kitty, overcome with the audacity of this idea.

'Yes, my dear, I said to myself: "I will be an author." You know I was always fond of scribbling. I suppose I had written as much as Shakspeare from first to last; though there was a considerable difference in the quality.'

'Don't let us say that,' said Kitty encouragingly.

'Well, other people said it, my dear (or the equivalent of it), at all events: editors especially.'

'Editors! You write to editors, then?' Kitty regarded her sister with a sublime surprise—an admiration tinged with awe.

'Why, no; I got Jeff to take the things, and to offer them as though they were his own productions.'

'Jeff! You made poor Jeff pretend to be an author! But how could he?'

'He went to work as naturally as possible. He gave them tragedy, comedy, melodrama, and sentimental effusions; but no one ever expressed a doubt.'

'How charming!' exclaimed Kitty, clapping her hands together in joyful excitement. 'And they were all accepted, of course?'

'No, dear; they were all rejected. The editors told Jeff that he must have patience, and "fill his basket." (The expression puzzled him a good deal, by-the-bye; he said he had only heard of one's "bread-basket;" and how was an author to fill that, if he could not sell his works.) He was to read more, they meant, and not attempt to spin things out of himself, like a spider. You shall read Jeff's description of it all some day. So I set to work upon Mr Landell's library. It was rather dry work at first; but I ferreted out some curious and out-of-the-way things, and made two articles out of them, and told Jeff to try his fortune with them with the *Smellfungus Magazine*. And the editor actually accepted them.'

'Only to think of it, Jenny. Then you were in print. And yet you never told us! How could you keep such a secret, and oh, Jenny, from dear mamma too, whom it would have pleased so much!'

'I have often thought of that, dear,' answered the other gravely; 'but it does not matter now. What I had set my heart on was to get money for us all—to shew that I was not going to be the clog and the burden to you—that that woman at Riverside took it for granted I should be. And since for those articles I got no money, I determined to say nothing about them. But Jeff—dear Jeff—so managed it that for a story I wrote, all out of these old materials, I did get money. The day you heard from Nurse Haywood, he sent me two five-pound notes from the editor. I should have given them to you at once, only you spoke of Dr Curzon's bill, and I thought they ought to go for that. Even so, it would have been very nice: but as it is—to have paid Mrs Campden off with them—it is simply delicious! We are out of debt, and we shall have the means of livelihood. This was "the hope" that I told that woman we still had, and at which you smiled so sadly, when she came to call that day at the Nook: the hope of my being able to make money by my pen; and you see it has been realised. It is not such a bad world, after all; if only dear papa comes home to us. I think he will come now; I do indeed. Everything looks so much brighter, though I thought we were never to have a ray of sunshine again. Kiss me, Kitty.'

The two girls sat locked in a close embrace.

'But, Jenny, why did you let us leave Sanbeck? You will no longer have any books to—to—'

'To "gut." That was the word the editor used to Jeff, little knowing that he was giving advice to a lady. He said that at the British Museum I should find any amount of old books to—to perform that

operation upon. It seems I have a talent for evisceration.'

'I daresay,' said Kitty confidently, 'though I don't know what it means. It seems to me you have a talent for everything. Oh, you dear, clever creature!' cried she, holding her at arm's-length, 'I declare I feel quite afraid of you; I shall never dare scold you again.'

In the exuberance of her admiration, Kitty must needs confide the fact of Jenny's authorship to Tony, but without awakening the like enthusiasm, for that gentleman being deep in his game of travelling piquet, which disinclined him to withdraw his attention from external objects, and also not being particularly interested in literary matters, only observed that 'Jenny was a stunner, and that he had always said so.' And if he had been informed that she had been made editress of the *Quarterly Review* or *Punch*, or both, he would probably have made the same observation.

This philosophy upon Tony's part, with which Kitty was herself inclined to quarrel, amused Jenny exceedingly, and for an hour or two she continued in the highest spirits. Then the long travel and comparative discomfort of the carriage began to tell upon her feeble frame; she grew pale with pain and weariness, then sick and faint. They were fortunately still alone, and all was done for her in the way of affectionate tendance that could be done. Kitty was not one of those young ladies who associate faintness with immediate dissolution, and are frightened out of their small wits on beholding an attack of illness; but she felt with anguish that the improvement which was hoped had taken place of late in her sister's health must have been less real than apparent. Perhaps those very attempts to procure money by her pen over which they had just been so sanguine, had exhausted and enfeebled her. At this thought the momentary sunshine in poor Kitty's heart was quite extinguished, and the clouds that covered it were darker than those it had dispelled. What were a few pounds earned now and again, when set against the cost of Jenny's life? As the light faded out from the short winter's day, and she sat with Jenny's aching head pillowed on her breast, and with the baby's feeble moan in her ears, she was filled with sad forebodings; strange thoughts of self-sacrifice and self-negation, which had for a time grown unfamiliar to her, retook possession of her brain, and turned her cold—as cold, but as steady, as a statue. As the whistle sounded and the train plunged into the last tunnel, she pictured to herself her last return from Riverside, alone, when Jenny and her mother had come to meet her at the station and take her home. Now there was no mother, nor any home that could be called such; and none to meet, or—

'Kitty! Jenny!—there's Jeff!' cried Tony excitedly, as the carriage rolled into the gas-lit station. And in another moment Jeff's hand was on the door, and his bright face smiled through the window-pane as he ran beside the still moving train.

How glad, and yet how sad, Kitty felt to see him: glad upon her sister's account, to whom she could now entirely devote herself, while Jeff looked after the baggage; but sad upon her own, for somehow his presence scattered and broke down those 'low beginnings of content' she had begun to feel in that scheme of self-sacrifice which

she had just now been painfully elaborating. Oh, why had he come with his kind tones and tender eyes, ere yet her mind had had time to harden in its mould of duty!

'Jenny is very tired, Jeff,' was all her greeting to him, except the thankful pressure of her fingers.

'Of course she is,' returned he cheerfully. 'How could it be otherwise after such a journey! I have got a brougham for her, so that she should not be jolted quite to pieces. So get you into it, you three folks and a half; and I will follow with Tony and the baggage in a four-wheeler.'

'A brougham!' sighed Jenny, looking more dead than alive. 'I call that a wasteful extravagance.'

'Pooh, pooh!' he whispered; 'distinguished authoresses don't ride about in hack-carriages in London, let me tell you, whatever they may do in Sanbeck.'

No further expostulation was made, for indeed nothing could have been more welcome to poor Jenny's back and limbs than the cushions of the vehicle in question, which Jeff had had supplemented for her especial use. She felt positively better on her arrival in Brown Street, after their long drive through misnamed 'Merry Islington'—the dullest and drabdest of all suburbs—than when she had left the train. She had been as eloquent about Jeff's thought and kindness on the way, as her feeble voice would permit her to be; but Kitty had answered nothing. She knew how tender and how true he was, and dared not trust herself to praise him. To her great relief, he did not present himself that night in Brown Street, but left the little family to 'settle down' in their new dwelling alone. If it was not 'like home,' it was very unlike what ordinary lodgings would have been; instead of the smiles of a mercenary landlady, there was the honest kind face of Nurse Haywood to give them welcome. It would not have beamed half so brightly had they been rich folks who had agreed 'for six months certain' at treble the rent; for she loved 'the young ladies' as though they had been her own children, and thought them the most beautiful and charming of God's creatures. 'Master Tony' had always been her especial darling; and the baby she regarded as a precious and sacred charge bequeathed by its sainted mother to the world, in compensation for her departure heavenward.

Kitty always used to assert that Nurse Haywood was 'a lady'; and looking at her with her neat gray hair and gentle, quiet face, as she stood dressed in her new black silk, to welcome the bereaved ones, you would have indorsed that opinion. She wore a certain gold watch and chain a little ostentatiously, to be sure, in the front of her dress, but then these had been given her by Mr Dalton's own hand, and she wished to shew herself mindful of him. Her face, like her person, was plump, and, notwithstanding her advanced years, quite free from wrinkles; and if her voice was somewhat broken, it was not through age, but because, though old, she had retained all her sympathies and affections (the more easily, perhaps, that they were within narrow limits), and was sadly 'upset' at the sight of her dear ones. It was their trouble that troubled her; and her chief care and fear were that, accustomed as they were, as she expressed it, 'to the best of everything,' the

accommodation she had to offer them in Brown Street would seem miserable and insufficient.

The sight of Jenny, so wan and travel-worn, utterly overcame her, and she could only exclaim, 'My poor, poor lamb!' as she folded her to her heart.

Truly the 'wind was tempered' to her and to all the shorn flock in that hospitable dwelling. It was humble, yet, as Kitty shrewdly suspected, by no means so low-rented as the price Nurse Haywood had charged them. They would be none the less a burden on their old friend, because she would bear it like a feather; and if it lasted long, how could she bear it! However, she drove those thoughts away, and for the present resolved to feel only thankfulness. After the nice little supper, at which Tony greatly distinguished himself, and which she herself did her best to swallow, lest her hostess should ascribe her want of appetite to fastidiousness; and after she had seen the rest of the party stowed away in their small dormitories, and Jenny dead-tired had fallen asleep, Kitty sat down in her room, over an unaccustomed fire, to cast up the expenses of the day. Accounts had of old been hateful to her, but now she found a refuge in them from thought. Their dry details shut out alike reflection on the past and forebodings for the future.

Scarcely had she begun, however, when there was a gentle knock at the door, and there entered Nurse Haywood.

'Now, my dear Miss Kitty,' said she, perceiving the nature of her occupation, 'why on earth are you a-worrying yourself about pounds and shillings, instead of getting ready for your bed, which, Heaven knows, you must want enough!'

'But, my dear nurse,' answered Kitty, smiling, 'I must needs look after not only pounds and shillings now, but shillings and pence. You have endeavoured to spoil us, as usual, with all sorts of luxuries; this fire in my bedroom, for one. But, indeed, you must not go on so. I told you in my letter how very different things were with us, remember.'

'I know that; and the more shame to them as have brought it about.' Nurse Haywood firmly believed that the Daltons' misfortunes had been caused by some wicked human agency, assisted by the more or less direct assistance of the Devil. 'But you have no call to fash yourself with money-matters yet a while. There's near upon a hundred pounds, my dear, in the savings-bank, which is yours if it is anybody's. Heaven knows, since it was all saved in your service.'

'Nurse, nurse, don't talk like that!' cried Kitty, breaking down in spite of herself. 'Do you think we have come here to live upon your savings!'

'You are come here to be comfortable, and not to worrit,' returned the old dame decisively. 'Your dear papa will be home soon, please God; and a pretty thing it will be if he finds you have been denying yourself things in my house. And even if he don't come back, do you suppose you have no friends!'

'None but you, dear nurse; except one or two who have all the will indeed, but not the power to serve us.'

'Well, I don't know; gentlemen who ride on horseback with their groom behind them have generally money to spare; and one such at least has been here to-day to ask after you all. A more



civil-spoken gentleman, or who shewed himself more kindly towards you all, it is not easy to picture.'

'What was the gentleman's name? Was it Sir William Skipton?'

'Very like, miss. He might have been all that, to judge by his hat and boots, which you might have seen yourself in, just as in that looking-glass. He didn't leave his name; but he said he was a friend of your father's—which went to my heart at once, as you may credit. And he asked after you all, one by one, down to the sweet baby. He thought you had come yesterday, it seems, and called to inquire how you all were after your long journey.'

'Was he a little man with gray whiskers?'

'O no, Miss Kitty: he was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, rather stiffish, I should have said, if he had not been so affable. I am sure he is a friend of yours, whoever isn't.—But what I came up to say was that here is a letter for you, as came by the last post to-day, but which the sight of your sweet faces put clean out of my old head till now. I thought I'd bring it up—else you had much better not read it to-night—in case it was anything about—about your dear papa.'

'It is nothing about papa, I am sure,' said Kitty quietly, having cast her eye on the address. 'And I shall take your advice, nurse, and go to bed.'

She at once proceeded to put away her accounts; and after a cordial 'good-night,' the old dame withdrew. Then Kitty drew her chair to the fire, and gazed at the still closed letter with hard despairing eyes. She had recognised the handwriting at once as that of Mr Holt; and she thought she could guess at the nature of its contents. He had called in person, it seemed, that very day, and now he had written her a letter. Fate was not only hard with her, but urgent, as though she had already tendered her submission to it.

The envelope was a large one, and held something weighty, like that she had received from Mrs Campden. Was it possible that this man had dared to send her money—bank-notes? No; thank Heaven! it was not that. There was a letter, and something official on a large piece of paper. The receipt of a premium from a life insurance office for one hundred and twenty pounds. What could it mean? The letter was of course from Mr Holt:

MY DEAR MISS DALTON—In the hurry of your father's departure from England he omitted to pay his usual premium to the *Palm Branch*. As in a few days it would have been overdue, and the policy thereby have lapsed, I have taken the liberty to guard against that contingency. The money has been paid under protest—that is to say, if it should turn out—which Heaven forbid!—that your poor father should have deceased before this date, the society will repay the premium in question together with the policy of five thousand pounds. You will perceive, therefore, that I have incurred no risk, nor yourself any obligation, by this transaction, which I have only effected as a mere matter of convenience to you, and of course not without consultation with your friends.

I did myself the honour to call in Brown Street to-day, but mistook, it seems, the date of your arrival in town. Pray, make my best compliments to your sister, and remember me most

kindly to my young friend Tony. The acquaintance of the remaining member of your family I have not as yet had the pleasure to make, but I hope he bore his journey with equanimity.—Believe me, my dear Miss Dalton, yours always most faithfully,

RICHARD HOLT.

She took up the receipt again, and read it with scarlet cheek. 'Received one hundred and twenty pounds.' She was indebted, therefore, in that sum—or in nearly a whole year's income—to the man who had paid it. When he wrote that no obligation had been incurred on her part, he was writing an untruth, and one which he knew could not impose upon her for a moment. The 'friends' with whom he had consulted were, of course, the Campdens, or probably only Mrs Campden. Surely 'Uncle George' could never have allowed himself to be a party to a scheme which made her this man's debtor!

She had not known the money was due. The application, in fact, had come through her father's bankers, who had been always instructed to pay it; and since there were now no funds in hand, they had forwarded it to Riverside. How hopeless would she have felt at Sanbeck, had she been aware of it; and how hopeless she felt now! Even if her father should come home to-morrow—poorer, in all probability, than he went—she would be none the less indebted to Mr Holt. Indeed, the certain news of her father's death, and the consequent payment of his policy, could alone acquit her of the pecuniary obligation, let alone any other. Oh, cruel Fate! that her only escape from an unwelcome—she dared not now say even to herself, now that the thing might come to pass, a detested—suitor, should be, as it were, over her father's corpse!

She could of course decline to receive this help at all; could object to the premium being paid at all; but then there was the contingency which Mr Holt had glanced at, of her father dying after the premium had become overdue. He might be wrecked somewhere at that moment, but still alive; and yet he might not come back alive to England. In that case his children would lose the policy: that five thousand pounds, the possession or loss of which would make all the difference to them for their lives in this world; would insure them competence, or condemn them to the poverty that one at least of them was so ill fitted to bear.

That very morning—not twelve hours ago—Kitty had been happy, hopeful, in her sister's triumph; now it seemed an age since happiness had visited her, and, moreover, that it would never visit her again. Her future looked dark indeed. The self-sacrifice she was contemplating was one which no man can estimate; there is nothing like it in the experience of his sex; for when a man marries a woman for her money, it is she, and not himself, when all is said, who in truth is sacrificed.

In many cases, indeed, such as poor Kitty's, the gilded chain soon ceases to gall; it is only a few to whom romance is necessary, and the purchased bride finds her life very tolerable; but Kitty was conscious of an obstacle to her self-abnegation, which made it ten times more hard for her, and almost a crime. In giving herself to Richard Holt, she was casting away the offer of Geoffrey

Derwent's love; and in her heart of hearts she had accepted it.

'O mother, mother!' cried she despairingly, as she turned upon her sleepless bed, 'why, why did you leave me?'

She had never felt the need of an adviser and a comforter so much as now.

#### GIFTS TO WAITERS AND SERVANTS.

OCCASIONALLY is to be seen, in the windows of a few dining-rooms in London, the announcement 'No fees to waiters.'

This suggests a query: Why *should* there be fees to waiters? Why should this kind of service be so set apart from all others as to require a different and unbusiness-like mode of remuneration? There is surely nothing in the labours of a waiter which renders him a special member of society! His thin shoes and his white table-napkin, his bill of fare and his bustling activity, may all be well enough in their way; but the duties certainly call for the exercise of no very remarkable amount of talent. The conventional clippings of language which sometimes amuse a visitor at the more busy of the middle-class or commercial establishments, when instructions are given out and the components of a dinner brought in—'One veal and ham; 'two calves' head and bacons; 'two mashed potatoes; 'half pale ale; 'three Cheshires; 'two college puddings—are not achievements which put in requisition any vast moral or intellectual power. The waiter is expected to see that the right dishes are brought to the right persons; that such requests as 'not too much done,' or 'only a little fat,' are duly attended to; that the coveted middle half of the *Times* is not retained too long by any one reader; that there is the wherewithal in the waiter's pocket to give change to anybody and everybody; and that he accounts to his employer for all the money taken. There is a story told that, at a suburban tea-garden, one waiter told another, in an agony of despair, that 'Two teas and one brandy-and-water had cut off over the palings!' Of course 'two roast porks and one apple-sauce' are not likely to evade payment in a respectable dining-room; but still the waiter will naturally be on the alert. Nothing in this, however, requires greater promptness and cleverness than are displayed by shopkeepers or shopmen.

If we give a penny, twopence, or threepence (the particular amount does not affect the question) to a waiter, why not to the servitor behind a counter? If we enter a stationer's shop and pay sixpence (say) for a quire of paper; if the shopman put on a look of expectancy which nothing less than a penny gift will satisfy—should we not deem this a strange mode of conducting business? Do the young men who supply sandwiches and ale at a luncheon bar; or the young ladies who dispense sweets at a pastry-cook's; or the spruce-looking assistants at a draper's, who sometimes have endless trouble to satisfy a fiddle-faddle customer—do these or any of these reap the harvest of a fee? If

not, why not? It is nothing to the purpose to urge that a penny is too small a matter to be contested; we all know that 'mony littles mak a mickle;' and besides, anything which is commercially clumsy ought not to be maintained as a permanent system. If the waiter receive less than he ought, he is wronged; if more than he ought, the customer is wronged; while in any case the waiter's half-muttered thanks for a *gift* involves a lowering of that independence of character which is respected by a *payment*, for services rendered.

Fees to waiters, coachmen, guards, and vails or presents to servants, rest upon the same basis; while the *pour-boire* of the French and the *trinkgeld* of the Germans are analogous. Perhaps we had more abuses of the kind in England in past times than we have now. Mr Rush, when he arrived in England as ambassador from the United States, was struck with a novelty of this class. While eating his first English dinner at Portsmouth, his ears were regaled with the sound of a merry peal of bells, which he afterwards learned was intended in honour of his arrival. After dinner, he was told that the bell-ringers desired to pay their respects to him. 'Eight men,' Mr Rush tells us, in the Narrative of his Residence at the Court of London, 'with coats reaching down to their heels, hereupon entered the room. They ranged themselves one after another in a solemn line along the wall. Everything being adjusted, the spokesman at their head broke forth with the following unintelligible address. He said that they had "come with their due and customary respects to wish me joy on my safe arrival in Old England as Ambassador Extraordinary from the United States; hoping to receive from me the usual favour, such as they had received from other ambassadors, for which they had their book to shew." This book was a curiosity. It looked like a venerable heir-loom of office. There were in it the names of I know not how many ambassadors, ministers, and other functionaries, arriving from foreign parts, throughout the lapse of I know not how many ages, with the donations annexed to each!'

The custom of giving vails or presents to servants, when visitors leave a house, has considerably fallen off, although still much too prevalent; but the tradesman's bleeding, the expected gratuity to the servants of customers, still reigns in full force in the metropolis, if not elsewhere. The cook, the housemaid, the butler, the footman (especially in large establishments) consider that they have a claim upon the pockets of the tradesmen who supply the house, the gratuity being expected either at Christmas or when the bill is paid. The valet or 'gentleman's gentleman' similarly looks out for the tailor, the lady's-maid for the *modiste*, the coachman for the harness-maker and the corn-chandler, and so on. Although this may, to the eye of a looker-on, seem like a mere act of kindness to persons in a menial position, yet it is in fact paying them indirectly instead of

openly and avowedly; for there can be very little doubt that, in the long-run, the master or mistress really pays these amounts, by a corresponding increase in the charges made in the bill. The indoor servants of an establishment tax the tradesmen in this way; but the heads of the household have to run the gantlet among another list of fee-receivers or fee-beggars. The postman, the beadle, the lamplighter, the scavenger, the 'regular dustman,' the turncock—many of them (we are speaking especially of London) call for annual gratuities under the well-known designation of 'Christmas-boxes.' Systematically wending their way from house to house, in the well-to-do streets, with their books and pencils and formalities, they make an application as if it were the assertion of a right, and seem much disposed to expostulate if silver fees are not forthcoming. It would be difficult to defend this custom on any sound principle. All these men are paid for their services by the firms or companies that employ them; and if the pay is too small, that is no fault of the housekeepers. It is, in fact, a relic of the graceful and kindly old custom of mutual present-giving at Christmas; but it has lost all its grace by its one-sidedness, and by being made a matter of business—almost of compulsion. The item of Christmas-boxes has become such a large one in some of the commercial establishments of the metropolis, that there is a strong desire to frown down a custom which has degenerated into an abuse. The kindness and hospitality of a man who knows that he is well served will always find ways of shewing themselves; there is no fear that the heart or the purse would be closed by a common-sense view of this matter. Thanks to railways; they have shewn that a traveller may have a long day's journey without being pestered for fees by the servants of 'the road,' and yet obtain fully as much civility from them without any attempt to purchase it.

Hotel arrangements, except in some well-managed concerns, are vitiated by the fee system to an unsatisfactory extent. You put up at an inn or hotel for a single day, and glance at the bill just before your departure. It may contain no separate charge for servants, although you know from experience that a payment from you to them will be expected. You have to consider whether your accommodation has been in the 'coffee-room' or the 'commercial room'; whether or not you have had a 'private room'; whether you have received services from other domestics than the three functionaries familiarly known as waiter, chambermaid, and boots; and whether the establishment has the general aspect of an upper-class or middle-class hotel, or only of a 'railway inn.' All these matters you have to take into account before deciding on the amount of honorarium to set apart for the servants. A most unsatisfactory system, seeing that you seldom know when you have done enough, or whether you have done too much. If we admit the propriety of paying other people's servants (which we doubt), the bill may be drawn up by entering a separate item for 'attendance.' A traveller hereby quickly learns what his rate of expenditure would be at an inn or hotel; and different classes of establishments would be selected, to suit different purses.

But why a separate charge at all? Even the entry of 'attendance' in the bill is not always a

safeguard against uncertainty. The writer remembers an instance at an Irish hotel, where, although 'attendance' was charged in the bill, a solicitation of 'Waiter, sir,' was put forth on the ground that 'master keeps the attendance fee for himself.' Why, we repeat, a separate charge at all? If we go and purchase a hat, the hatter does not enter an item in the bill for the service of his shopman; any such item is supposed to be included in the charge for the hat, and the customer is not plagued with details with which he has no concern. And why not the hotel-keeper, the railway inn-keeper, the keepers of coffee-houses, chop-houses, and dining-rooms? If the charge for a bed be two shillings and you are expected to give an additional sixpence to the chambermaid, why not call it half-a-crown at once, and leave the master to settle with his servants? That remarkable personage 'boots,' who is expected to know everything and to be everywhere to serve everybody, may be supposed to be worth a certain annual wage or salary, which there would be no difficulty in fixing between master and man; there is no apparent reason why the master should be out of pocket by this arrangement, for his charges might be made to cover all such expenses with justice to himself and to his customers.

That such a thing can be done we have proof in some of the recently established dining-rooms in London. The conventional penny to the waiter (seldom more than a penny in the class of establishments we have now in view) is, however, in most cases still given. The clerks and warehousemen who can snatch a hasty half-hour for a mid-day meal (they are not all so lucky as to have suburban villas with a six o'clock dinner awaiting them) flock in great numbers into these establishments—thickly congregated around St Paul's, Cheapside, and Cornhill; they pay for their refectory, reasonably in most cases, and give the waiter a penny more than the charge made by the proprietor. The smallness of the fee cannot effectually hide the absurdity of the system. Waiters probably at one time received salaries in the same way as shopmen; but their masters, finding the fees amount to a good round sum, insisted on a lessening of salary, until at length matters have come to such a point that the servant pays the master (a good handsome royalty, it is understood, in flourishing establishments), and his fellow-servants besides. Many a head-waiter has saved enough money out of his accumulated fees to become an hotel proprietor on his own account. Here we come round to the same dilemma as before; if the waiter receives more than his services are worth, the public are the losers; if he receives only what they are worth, a clumsy, uncommercial system is maintained without special gain to any of the persons concerned.

We have just adverted to the sparsely adopted 'no-fee' system. Some of the City dining-rooms, well appointed and well served, have a small inclosure near the entrance where a cashier is placed to receive the money. Different modes are adopted of acquainting this cashier with the number and kinds of the good things which have constituted the refectory; he adds up the values with the quickness of an expert arithmetician, names the amount, and receives the exact sum from the diner. The waiter receives neither payment nor fees from the public for the simple duty

of bringing in and carrying out laden and unladen platters. We may safely give the proprietors credit for sufficient sagacity in laying their plans that neither cooks nor carvers, waiters nor cashiers, shall cheat them with impunity. We surmise that in some of the establishments the proprietor himself acts as cashier during the busy hours of a City day. The cashier plan is in other rooms combined with the fee plan by a penny being added to the rapidly counted sum named by the money-receiver; which penny is presumably handed over afterwards in some way to the head-waiter or amongst the waiters. But this is a distinction without a difference; the folly of the fee is still retained.

### TINY'S LOVERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

A FINE brisk late autumn morning, when they met next day at breakfast; through the great windows the golden-leaved oaks stood out russet against the sombre green of the pine-woods. The ferns were covered with gem-besprinkled cobwebs, which hung from frond to frond, all dry, brown, and crisp. The larches were of a russet yellow, amongst the feathery green spruces; and glinting in the distance, its bosom sparkling in the sun, was the great mere, dotted with green islands, bearing pines and clumps of evergreens, while in all directions wild-fowl fitted and splashed about. Now it was a flock of wild-duck, with their keenly cut swift wings, wheeling round and round, before descending with a rush to flick the water; anon it would be a flock of coots flying with a piping cry, and their feet trailing in the lake; while grebes and divers disported here and there in the pale sunshine of the passing year.

The news about the admiral was excellent, as Tiny took her place at the table, and Mrs Rowbotham, all smiles, began to dispense the tea and coffee.

'Is it to be the pheasants this morning?' said Lonsdale languidly; 'or will Miss Murray allow us to play cavalier in a ride?'

'I could not go away from the house this morning,' said Tiny; 'not till my uncle is better.'

'But he said, my dear, that you were to go out to-day,' said Mrs Rowbotham.

'Yes; uncle is very kind,' said Tiny; 'but still I should not like to be out of sight.'

'Well, look here,' said Captain Barry; 'I've been longing for days to go on the water. Let's take the guns, and try for the ducks. Miss Murray could go with us, and then we should always be in sight of the house, and a signal would bring us back. How would that do?'

'Ah! the very thing,' said the captain.

Tiny's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and the matter was soon arranged. One of the keepers was to have the boat ready in an hour, and soon after breakfast the party prepared to start.

'Not going, Lawler?' said Captain Barry. 'Come along, man; there'll be plenty of room.'

Captain Lonsdale frowned, and Lawler glanced

at Tiny, to see if she would give him ever so slight an invitation to be of the party; but no: she kept her head averted, and playfully held out her glove to the captain, that he might fasten it.

'Thanks; no,' said Lawler. 'I am going to the study.'

'See that the fellows keep up a good fire,' said the dragoon banteringly, and with a sneering laugh, directed at the young man, he followed Captain Barry and Tiny down the path that led to the lake.

'I believe I'm a fool,' said the young man, as soon as he had shut himself in the study; 'but all the same, the more I see her getting limed by that man, the harder it seems. I ought to go away, but I can't. Does she love him, I wonder?'

He took down a book from the shelves, and threw himself into a chair, rested his forehead on his hand, and tried to read, but not a word could he retain.

'I ought to have gone with them,' he said at last impatiently. 'A look would have drawn me, but she has only smiles for that man. If he were only a fine true-hearted fellow, I believe I could give her up without a murmur, and say: "God bless them both!" but with such a man as that—Oh, it's insupportable! I shall have to make some excuse, and go.'

'I hope that boat is safe,' he said to himself after a pause; and a strange feeling of uneasiness came over him. 'I wish she were back on shore. The signal would bring her, but it would only alarm her; and I should look as if I had brought her ashore on false pretences. Bah! I'm out of sorts.'

He took to walking up and down the study; went to the billiard-room, and took down a cue, but only to put it back in disgust. He was going to the drawing-room, but hearing the voice of Mrs Rowbotham, he fled in dismay back to the study.

Here the thoughts about the safety of the boat recurred to him, and, in a state of nervous fidget, he took a *lorgnette* from its case on the wall, and went into the dining-room, where he soon made out the party on the mere—distant quite a couple of miles now, and a tiny white puff of smoke told that the sport had commenced, though with what fortune he could not detect.

He stood watching them for half an hour, when they passed round a curve in the lake, and he saw them no more.

'I shall have to go,' he muttered, as he went back to replace the *lorgnette*. 'I might have finished what I wanted to read, and gone to join them, rowing myself in the skiff. I will too,' he said. 'Suppose I ring for the keeper, and get a gun. No: the very thing; I've gone out to try for pike!'

He rang the bell, and asked for the second keeper; and in half an hour, with the man to scull him about, he was fishing in the lake, and each minute lessening the distance between him and the shooting-party.

As it happened, his sole wish was to approach the other boat with a good excuse on his lips; the



fishing was a secondary consideration; but fate willed that he was to have excellent sport, and he was delayed three times to master and capture a goodly pike.

'They bes a-running well to-day, sir,' said the keeper. 'We'll go on to the deep water, where they're shooting—the big ones lie out there.' Saying which, the man rowed out in the specified direction; and again Lawler was detained, for a monster pike seized his bait, and though he played him badly, in the hope that the prey would escape, fortune was for the taking of the fish, which was gaffed at last, and hauled in triumph into the boat.

'Row straight over to the other boat now,' said Lawler.

'Haden't you better have another throw in, sir?' said the keeper.

'No; I am tired of it now,' said Lawler; and in disgust at the want of appreciation of sport on the part of his master's guest, the keeper rowed steadily after the shooting-party.

Twice over the reports of the guns told of sport, and when within three or four hundred yards, Lawler saw Captain Barry rise up and fire at a heron, which was lazily sailing by, and the bird fell, to go flapping along the water towards a reed-bed farther on.

The keeper with Lawler turned and looked as he rowed on, and then said quietly: 'I s'pose Jem Myers knows about them there posties?'

'About what posties?' said Lawler.

'Them posties just below the water, sir; he might overset the boat if he rowed atop o' one on 'em.'

'But I thought it was all deep water there.'

'So it is, sir; but the folks as was here before the admiral, sir, had what they called a pagody, sir—a Chinese summer-house, out in the lake; and when it got old and rotten, it was took down; but they couldn't pull up the big timber posties it was built on, and there's two or three left now.'

'Pull on, then, quickly,' cried Lawler, 'and let's warn them.'

'All right, sir; they ain't near 'em yet. And it's a rare good spot for perch, that is. You come along o' me some morning, sir, and I'll row you over here, and—'

'Pull, man, for Heaven's sake!' cried Lawler impatiently. 'Here, let me take one of the sculls.'

'Can't, sir; there's only one pair o' rowlocks. I'll be with 'em soon.'

They were now about a couple of hundred yards off; and, at Lawler's instigation, the keeper with him turned and shouted a warning: 'Mind them there posties, Jem!'

'Hey?' was shouted back.

'Mind them posties!'

'No posties here,' was the reply; and then, with the keeper pulling one oar, and Captain Barry the other, and a pretty good 'way' on, the broad flat-bottomed boat was seen suddenly to glide up on one side, as if it was being lifted, and overturn, while those who followed were still a hundred and fifty yards away.

'Row!' cried Lawler hoarsely, 'or we shall be too late;' and he quickly took his place in the fore-part of the boat. As the man tugged at the sculls, the little skiff flew through the water. As Lawler stood, divesting himself of coat, vest, and boots, he saw the capsized boat floating gently away, urged by the brisk breeze, Captain Lonsdale

clinging to the bottom, and shrieking for help; and Captain Barry and the keeper, Myers, swimming easily, and evidently in search of that for which his eyes were sweeping the water.

'Can't you see miss, sir?' said the keeper hoarsely, as he tugged at the oars, and sent the skiff nearer.

'No,' groaned Lawler. 'She went over with the boat, and it must have struck her; she hasn't risen since.'

As the words left his lips he was now so near that he left the boat with a spring, parted the water with joined hands, disappeared, and rose to the surface again, paddling and looking in all directions.

'Somewhere about there, Lawler,' shouted Captain Barry; and the young man gathered himself up, turned over, and dived.

'Here, help! Boat, boat!' roared Captain Lonsdale.

'Oh, you're all right, sir,' growled the keeper in the skiff, standing up and thrusting down a boat-hook, to see if he could catch the girl's dress.

'Try more to the right,' cried Captain Barry; and the man plunged the hook in again up to his shoulder, and again and again without success.

'Want help, mate?' said the keeper to Myers.

'No,' was panted out. 'I could swim for a week.'

'Like to get in, sir?' said the keeper, this time to Captain Barry.

'No, no, man; I'm all right. But for any sake, keep that boat-hook going!'

'Help, here! I can't hold on!' cried Captain Lonsdale.

'Then let go,' growled the keeper, plying hard with the boat-hook in every direction, while Lawler came up to the surface, and dived again and again, though his stay below was shorter each time.

The last time he came up, his face was blue, and there was a terrible look of despair upon it, as he placed one arm over the side of the skiff and hung there panting.

'You're good as done, Lawler,' said Captain Barry, swimming up to him. 'Get into the boat, man.—Pull him in, Smith.'

The man made as if to seize him, but Lawler warned him off.

'Haden't we best get the drags, sir?' said Myers, placing his arm over the gunwale.

'Here, help! Are you men?' shouted Captain Lonsdale. 'Bring the boat here; don't leave me to drown!'

As he had crawled on to the flat bottom of the capsized boat, and was only in danger of catching a very bad cold, no one stirred, but one blank face was directed at another, till, with a hoarse cry that was hardly human, Lawler suddenly thrust himself from the skiff, turned, and swam hard for the capsized boat.

'Where's he going?' cried Captain Barry. 'Good heavens! that I should have lived to see such a day!'

'To join the captain, sir,' said Myers. 'O sir, let's go and get the drags!'

'No, no; he means something,' cried Captain Barry excitedly. 'Yes, I see. Row after us;' and he loosened his hold, and swam after the other, just as, when near the boat, Lawler raised himself well in the water, turned over, dived, and

disappeared beneath the boat. A dozen seconds of agony followed, and as the skiff was rowed close up, and the captain rose, feeling that it was for his reception, the second keeper groaned, and said in a husky voice: 'The brave young chap's gone too.' But as the words left his lips, Lawler's head shot up on the other side, and with him rose the body of Tiny Murray.

'Quick!' shouted Lawler, beating the water; 'her dress is caught underneath.' In less than a minute, the skiff was round, and Tiny dragged in by the keeper; but he had to use his knife to cut her dress, which was hitched in some hook inside the boat. The act of dislodging this rocked the big boat so that Captain Lonsdale grew terribly alarmed for his own safety, and shouted twice in agony.

'Now, then!' cried Captain Barry to the second keeper, as he laid the inanimate body in the stern of the boat; 'row, man—back to the Hall, for your life—and hers.'

'What! and leave you gentlemen?' said the man.

'Yes, of course,' cried the sailor, passing an arm under Lawler, who was quite exhausted. 'Row for your life! Tell them hot bath—doctor!' he shouted; but the boat was already surging through the water, as the man bent to his task.

'Stop that boat!' shrieked Lonsdale. 'Are you going to leave me to drown?'

'No, sir,' growled Myers, crawling on to the bottom, and nearly dislodging the captain. 'We're agoing to drown all along with yer.—Here you are, sir,' he continued, stretching out his hand; and with his help, Lawler, blue and exhausted, was dragged on to the bottom of the boat, where Captain Barry soon joined them, with the result that the punt was sunk almost entirely out of sight, and its freight in momentary danger of being floated off.

'It's worse than murder,' groaned Captain Lonsdale, clutching convulsively at Myers.

'Ever so much, sir,' said the man dryly. 'Hadh't you better give me the tip as you meant, afore it's all over?'

Lonsdale glared at the keeper; but his aspect, with his wet hair and whiskers, was so far from impressive, that the man was not much moved. Until the skiff was out of sight, very little was said, and by that time, Lawler was somewhat recovered, but he lay on the boat without a word.

'I suppose the lake isn't very deep here, keeper, is it?' said Lonsdale, as they were drifting before the wind, and a lurch nearly sent him off.

'Well, sir,' said Myers, 'I should say that just 'bout here's the deepest part of the whole mere; they do say as there's thirty foot o' water.'

The dragon's teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled despairingly about, but they met with nothing consolatory, for no one seemed to care for him, and again and again he wished mentally that he had learned to swim.

'We ought to touch that little island in a few minutes,' said Captain Barry, as they drifted on.

'And so we shall, sir,' said the keeper, 'or else get so near it we shall be able to swim ashore, and turn the boat.'

The news excited Lonsdale; and all turned out as the keeper had said. They drifted so near that he lowered himself into the water, felt for the painter-rope, and then swam with it ashore, dragging the boat up on the gravel. The men

then turned the punt over, baled it out, and were afloat in it once more and drifting before the wind, when the skiff appeared in sight with two men in it, bringing spirits, blankets, and wrappers. But the news of Tiny was far from encouraging. The doctor had been sent for, and the servants were doing everything they could, but the man was afraid that there was little hope.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was, however, found on their return that there was hope, for the doctor had restored animation, but it was only for a severe feverish fit to supervene, and for many days there was a hard struggle with death.

The old admiral had insisted upon his guests staying, in spite of his trouble; and he appealed again and again to Lawler as to whether he was not the most ill-used man on the face of the earth. 'The gout's better, though,' he said; 'and gad, sir, I forgot all about it as soon as I saw them bringing my little darling up to the house. Lawler, my boy, if it had gone wrong with her, I believe it would have killed me.'

It was a fortnight before Tiny came down to the little drawing-room, looking very pale and weak; and no sooner was it announced, than Lonsdale rushed off to pay his homage. He was not gone long, however, before a message came into the study, where Lawler had shrunk upon seeing Lonsdale hurry off.

'She'll be better pleased to see *him*,' he muttered bitterly; and then he sat brooding, as he thought about the terrors of that day, of the agony he had endured, and the relief when he knew that she would live. 'Half selfishness; I thought more of self than of her, poor girl,' he said. 'Why should I grudge her the happiness she feels.'

'Where is he? In the study? Might have known!'

It was the old admiral's voice, as he came stumping across the hall, and the next moment he limped into the place. 'Here, I say, you, Harry Lawler, what the dickens are you doing burying yourself in books, and leaving me to drive myself mad hunting after you! This gout's coming back, like—like—like a hurricane, sir. I shall be so bad to-morrow, that—O dear, O dear! But don't you know? Tiny's down-stairs again, and wondering why you don't go and see her.'

'Captain Lonsdale's with her,' said Lawler bitterly.

'No; Captain Lonsdale isn't with her either. Why, Lawler, you don't deserve to have the little lass, you don't; and for two pins, sir, I'd forbid it. Go and see her directly, you scoundrel, and, egad! if you say an unkind word to my darling, sir, I'll have you out and shoot you!'

Lawler stood hesitating, for he knew of old the leanings of his host; but this announcement that the captain had been up, and returned, and in so short a time—'Ah, poor girl!' he thought, 'she's too weak to have a long interview.' He felt a poke in the back from the admiral's stick as he crossed the hall, and the next minute the door had swung to behind him, and so great was his emotion, that the place looked blurred and dim before his eyes. He had made up his mind, though, to be very quiet, cold, and reserved. She would thank

him for saving her life, and he should say it was nothing, only that he was glad she was so much better, and that would be all.

And there she was, rising hastily from her seat, looking so pale and delicate, and yet eager, as she half ran to meet him, and he was so cold and reserved, that his heart gave a great throb, and before he knew it, he had caught her little hands in his, and was holding them to his breast.

'My poor little girl!' he exclaimed. 'You have been ill.'

'Yes,' she said softly; and—it must have been through weakness—she leant against him. 'I've been very ill, and I've thought a great deal while I was ill. They told me all about it.'

'About what?' he said huskily.

'About how brave and good you were, and how you saved my life.'

'Hush!' he said; and he laid a finger upon her lips, to have his hand taken in both hers, and feel it kissed again and again; and the next moment his arms were round her, and she was sobbing on his breast.

'And I've been half mad,' he said, 'and hopeless, and full of despair.'

'Why?' she said softly; and there was something of her old merry arch look in her eyes, as she met his fully.

'Because I believed you cared for some one else. But you did not love him?'

'No! never,' was the reply, frankly given. 'He flattered me, and was attentive; but my eyes were open before the day when that terrible accident occurred; and—and—you were so cold and cruel all the time.'

'And she don't care for you a bit, Harry Lawler, not a bit!' said a voice, which made them start, for the old gentleman had crept in quietly, to stand chuckling at the success of his scheme. 'Come here, puss. But there; you may kiss her once, sir, and then— There, there; God bless you, my dear! you've made me very happy. Now, I can go and have my gout in peace!'

But somehow the gout did not come on, and the admiral was in high spirits the next day, even begging Captain Lonsdale to have another week with the pheasants.

But the captain was recalled suddenly to town, and the groom who drove him to the station said he was 'the stingiest gent as master ever had down.'

Mrs Rowbotham, however, thought differently, and she confided to Captain Barry her sentiments after tea.

'So thorough a gentleman, Captain Barry, suave, polished, possessed of the tone of good society, and of excellent birth. I think the admiral has made a great mistake—don't you?'

'No, ma'am,' said the sailor quietly; 'I don't.'

'You don't, Captain Barry?'

'No, ma'am; I think he would have spent the girl's money, and broken her heart.'

'Captain Barry!'

'Look there, ma'am—look there!'

He pointed with his eyeglasses to where Tiny sat, pale and thin, but with the light of love shining from her eyes, and Lawler reading to her from one of her favourite authors. They seemed to think they were unobserved, for Harry softly raised one little white hand to kiss.

Mrs Rowbotham gave her shoulders a little bit

of a shrug, and said nothing, for the admiral was coming up to where they sat.

'Mrs Rowbotham thinks we have done wrong, admiral, in apportioning our little pet. For me, I say we have done right.'

'Right! God bless them, yes.'

#### PRIMARY EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

IN the state cabin of the Cunard steamer *Scotia*, the following dialogue lately took place between the Hon. John B. Tomkins of Connecticut, and Mr William Roberts of London, who was on a voyage to the United States. We give it entire, as it throws some light on the methods of primary education in America.

*Mr Tomkins.* I suppose you are not coming across the Atlantic for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition alone? It is worth coming to America to have a look at her Free Schools, since you in England are now so much engrossed in educational subjects.

*Mr Roberts.* I should certainly much like to obtain some knowledge of your schools while in the States; and I confess I have not given more than a cursory attention to the subject. But perhaps you may be able to enlighten me.

*Mr T.* Any information I have is at your service. What is the first point you wish to ask me about?

*Mr R.* Well, I should like to know, whether the parents of your scholars pay for the education of their children, and also how your schools are supported?

*Mr T.* Our primary schools, I am proud to say, are now free. That desirable result has only been obtained within the last ten years; and so far as can be judged by statistics, this change has considerably increased the attendance at school. In my own state, the increase in two years has been more than eleven thousand; for if I remember rightly, the increase in the year after we passed our new law, that is, 1871, was more than five thousand. I attribute this increase almost entirely to the Free Schools, because in the year preceding the new law the increase had only been four hundred odd.

*Mr R.* Certainly this seems satisfactory. But will you mind explaining, if these schools are now free, how they are supported?

*Mr T.* Gladly. But of course I can merely give you the heads of the sources of the school income. The first source is the State School Funds. This, again, may be divided into two parts: that which comes from the income of capital produced by land given by Congress for the purposes of education, which used to be known as the Sixteenth Section Lands; and that which has been given out of the Surplus Revenue Fund.

*Mr R.* These moneys, I understand, may be said to be given by the central government then, and not by each state?

*Mr T.* Exactly. I am now coming to the moneys which come from the individual state. Presently I will tell you how little the actual government of the Union has to do with education. Well, the second head is, that of the State Taxes. These vary as regards the mode of levying them in different states. In Connecticut, for example, with which I am naturally most familiar, we pay one dollar and a half out of the state treasury for each child enumerated.

*Mr R.* Then in your state you don't even have a special tax, only a grant?

*Mr T.* Just so. That will shew you how widely the several states differ in the financial machinery. But really my third head, that of Local Taxes, is the most important, for by far the largest proportion of the required money is raised by these means. I won't go further into this part of the question; and I need only tell you that the fourth head consists of Donations in aid of education, such as those of the late Mr Peabody and others.

*Mr R.* Are large sums received from donors?

*Mr T.* Large when considered by themselves, but small compared to those obtained from taxation. In Connecticut, during the last ten years, we have received in gifts for various educational purposes something like three million dollars. In 1873 alone, the amount from local taxes in our state came to 1,105,601 dollars, or about £207,300 of your money; so you see the proportion.

*Mr R.* Now that we are on the financial part of the question, can you tell me anything about the expenditure—I mean the cost of your schools?

*Mr T.* The cost of our schools is the amount received from the various sources of income. I can tell you this much, however, for I have it in my pocket-book jotted down from the Reports for '73, that in Connecticut the expenditure per head on the population between six and sixteen years of age came to 12 dollars 89 cents. The expenditure in the other states was pretty near that figure: the highest was Massachusetts, with rather more than 21 dollars; and the lowest, Virginia, with rather more than two dollars.

*Mr R.* Who provide your schools, or rather see that they are provided—the separate state or the Union?

*Mr T.* That question brings us to the radical distinction which exists between the functions of the Union and the individual state. I will try to explain it to you. The Union has nothing to do with education. The only central body is the National Bureau of Education; but the duty of this body is only to obtain information for the use of those interested in education, not to manage the education of the people. Upon each state rests this latter responsibility; but here again the state only issues general directions, and leaves them to be carried out by the local authorities, according to the outlines enacted by each state. The township is usually the local unit which looks after education; in the states where the township is not employed, the local unit is a county or district.

*Mr R.* Do you have Boards?

*Mr T.* Yes. There are Boards called School Committees, School Directors, and so forth, who are elected, and who have to engage teachers, see that there are sufficient school-houses, and so forth. I should have told you, by the way, that in some states there is what is called a State Board, something like your Education Department, and in some states an intermediate officer—that of County Superintendent—who is a kind of inspector; quite a creation of the last few years.

*Mr R.* I should like to know what you do about religious teaching in your schools?

*Mr T.* That is not so easy to describe accurately, for you must remember again the number of states into which the Union is divided. I may, however, speaking broadly, say that no sectarian teaching is given; and that in most schools the Bible may

or may not be read, according to the view of the school directors or committee. Our schools are very little troubled, therefore, by any question about religious teaching.

*Mr R.* And about compulsion?

*Mr T.* A compulsory system has been introduced in many states, which have passed a law to this effect, and which, I think, will eventually become universal; but at present the flaw in our system of compulsion is that we have no officers whose duty it is to enforce the penalties, which must be done, generally speaking, by some tax-payer.

*Mr R.* And your system of teaching, or rather pure education?

*Mr T.* All our schools run, as it were, one into another. There are usually three schools or departments—'primary,' 'grammar,' and 'high.' Sometimes a 'secondary' is placed next to the 'grammar,' and makes a fourth. None of them, however, is like your grammar-schools, for, with the exception of the 'high,' they are in fact parts of the primary school. But in America all classes, high and low, rich and poor, attend the primary schools; which they don't, I believe, in England. The elementary course of instruction is thus carried on in the primary and grammar schools, the higher course in the 'high' schools. These primary and grammar schools, again, are subdivided into grades or classes; ten, eight, or seven, as the case may be. At Boston—to take an example which will fix the ages somewhat in your memory—they endeavour to pass all children into the grammar-school at the age of eight; that is, about half-way up the grades or classes.—Now I think you have a very sketchy outline of our elementary education; but you will perhaps, from this conversation, find it easier to go more fully into details when you have the various educational works at hand on your arrival in America.

#### THE PIGMY SHREW.

THIS is a curious little creature, frequently called the Lesser Shrew, the *Sorex pygmaeus* of naturalists. It is to the ordinary mouse what the wren is to the sparrow, and the snout and tail are of enormous length in proportion to its diminutive body. The stiff-looking bristles protruding from the droll little snout give one the notion of their having been borrowed or stolen from some neighbouring pig. The teeth are sharp and pointed, and differ considerably from the teeth of the common mouse; but it is quite a harmless creature, as its mouth is so small that a bite would inconvenience the giver rather more than the receiver. The great point in his favour is, that he is an insect-eating animal only, and persistently declines all temptation in the shape of grain, bread-crumbs, cheese, &c. When searching for a new hunting-ground, he moves slowly, keeping his snout in a state of perpetual activity, sometimes twisting it in the air in a most ludicrous fashion. My life as a girl in Ireland has been amused by watching the habits of shrew mice. They can climb, but not well or quickly. Our garden-wall was covered with a variety of flowering-shrubs, honeysuckle growing in a zigzag fashion across the others. One shrew



used to toil slowly and carefully up the rough dashed wall in a direct line to the place where the honeysuckle was most heavily laden with blight, avoiding the cotoneaster and other shrubs, on which there was no probability of food. Its companions never seemed able to achieve this climbing feat, but always remained on the ground, shrieking with amazing power for such small throats. The shrew shrieks at everything; it is just as much its nature as the lark's to sing. It may quarrel now and then, but it is by no means the vicious being which its ugly name implies. Americans say the opossum has nineteen lives; now, I am of opinion eighteen out of the nineteen were stolen from the *Sorex* family by the cute 'possums. You may watch the operations of the shrew-mole as closely as you please; it will mine away most unconcernedly till there is nothing visible but the tip of its tail. But once lay hold of it, no matter how gently, and it immediately revenges the insult by dying in your hand. I can speak from experience, for I have tried the full-grown ones, and I have tried one no larger than a bean, with like result in all cases.

Notwithstanding the fact, that the peculiar odour of these little animals is their great preservative in most cases, it is no safeguard from the magpies. The magpies—their name was legion about our cottage in the west—used to sit up long after all other respectable birds had gone to rest, purely and solely for the purpose of committing wanton murder. Their only pleasure in killing frogs, shrew-moles, &c. appeared to be in the investigation of the dead body, which afterwards took place with all the clatter and argument of a Home Rule meeting. The Irish peasantry say the hedgehog (*granogue*) is 'the only animal that eats the snout-head or ant-eater;' but I must confess the only one which we captured on purpose to prove it, scuttled off with a grunt of indignation on being offered a dead shrew. To be sure, that old lady had five children, not gently reposing, but squeaking awfully like little pigs, in a neighbouring potato-furrow. Alarm at the danger of being separated from her noisy offspring may have destroyed her appetite for the time being; or she may have had scruples about eating dead-meat.

As to the shrew's nest. I have seen but one; and I am not ashamed to confess that I should never have found that one, but for the assistance of the idlest boy in the neighbourhood, who, I verily believe, was *en rapport* with all living creatures, whether bird, beast, or fish alike. Soft, marshy ground is their favourite building-place, and a bog is the most likely place of all.

One might tread on a dozen of these nests without being aware of it. There was nothing in the appearance of the wee bale of moss and dead-leaves, to lead me to suppose it was anything more than an accidental meeting of a bit of heather in some dry moss. It had no visible entrance whatever. If I hadn't seen the lady of

the house entering her mansion rather more than two feet off, and leaving it in quite another direction a short time afterwards, my doubts of its existence would have been considerable. The fact was, although the nest itself was built above ground, the tunnel which led to it was commenced a long way off, and about two inches under the surface of the moist clod. Being shaped like the letter V, there was always a spare road in case of accidents. Why she should leave her nest exposed, while taking so much trouble to tunnel the entrance, is inexplicable.

The Pigmy Shrew has but two young ones at a birth. Before the fur grows, they are not enticing-looking creatures. There is a dark hue round the snout and ears, or rather ear-marks; but the peculiar shape of the head is not very strongly developed. The odour from the nest is much stronger than from the full-grown animal, which is scarcely perceptible unless when terrified. Buffon speaks of the shrew as having eight or nine at a birth. I think that number must apply to the larger species. I never heard of a case in which the lesser shrew had more than two. Though one particularly damp border was honey-combed with tunnels, they were not sociable, like rabbits, but travelled either singly or in pairs. The latter was the most usual fashion.

The Irish peasantry consider it most unlucky to kill one of these snout-heads, as they believe them special messengers sent by Providence to destroy the insects which would otherwise injure the crops. It says much for Paddy's intelligence that he recognises the value of these useful creatures. According to Buffon, the labouring classes in England believed the shrew to be a most dangerous animal, which brought all manner of evils on the cattle and horses by merely running over them. The poison of a shrew-bite could only be cured by the following charm (we'll hope they're better educated by this time): 'Take the sap out of a piece of green ash, and plug up a living shrew in its place; then burn the whole to a powder; make into an ointment, and apply to the wounded part.' Another and surer charm was to cut a live shrew in half; apply while fresh, in the same way.

I should observe that the Rev. J. G. Wood considers the term shrew-mouse, which is used by Buffon, as inappropriate, as they evidently belong to the Mole tribe. He mentions a variety of shrews in the same family, particularly the water-shrew, which is the most beautiful of all, on account of the bubbles of air which adhere to its fur giving it a silvery appearance while swimming. He also notices the difference between the fur of the shrew-mole and the ordinary mouse or rat, when examined by the aid of the microscope.

But the Pigmy of the tribe is the only one with which we were on intimate terms, and great as our friendship was, he never condescended to visit us during the winter. To speak with caution, I opine that he does not hibernate, but feeds on grubs, wood-lice, &c., at a comfortable distance under ground. I am further strengthened in this opinion by his being so decidedly wide awake, when he is accidentally turned out by the spade.

And now, by way of conclusion, let me observe: there is one thing, reader, which neither you nor I know, and I hope it may be long ere the British pigmy shrew obtains an opportunity of informing

us—will this beautiful insectivorous little animal be of use in destroying the Colorado Beetle, should we ever have the misfortune to witness its arrival in this country?

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN ordinary writing, from thirty to thirty-five words a minute are written on the average. Many a letter-writer has often wished he could write quicker or more legibly, but has hitherto been hampered by pen and ink and the usual appliances. Something was wanted, and the something is now offered in the shape of the *Type-writer*, an instrument which prints in legible characters any letter or note, from two to three times as fast as it could be written. It would not be easy to convey an intelligible idea of this ingenious contrivance without lengthened details and diagrams; but the reader may imagine a small table, having in front a sloping key-board, and in the rear a frame-work which supports a roller, and incloses a concentric range of levers. The keys, resembling those of a telegraph instrument, are marked with the letters of the alphabet, and with the necessary stops and spaces. When required for use, a sheet of paper is placed under the roller; the keys are touched to spell out the words; each key impels a lever which bears on its end a corresponding letter; this letter strikes an inked ribbon placed below the roller, and prints itself on the sheet of paper. When the first line is ended, the roller and paper shift their position, and the second line is printed without loss of time, and so on until the letter is finished. In this way a sheet of notepaper or foolscap may be filled (after sufficient practice) with surprising speed. We have seen a nimble-fingered damsel touch off a despatch three times as fast as it could be written, and all in perfectly legible characters, which is by no means least among the advantages of this rapid instrument. The manufacturers are Remington & Co. of Queen Victoria Street, London.

Dr Thursfield has invented a writing-frame by means of which people who are blind, or who see imperfectly, may write legibly and regularly; and people who can see may write in the dark. It comprises a small flat board on which the paper is held in place by springs. A wooden bar fixed to a movable stem crosses the paper. This bar guides the pencil and the fingers of the writer, who, as soon as he feels that he is come to the end of a line, shifts the bar down a notch, and so continues until the page is finished. The writing instrument is a style to be used with carbonised paper, or with paper specially prepared. Messrs Elliott Brothers of the Strand are the makers of this useful contrivance.

The Popoff air-bag, so named after the Russian admiral who invented it, for raising sunken vessels, has been tried at Portsmouth with promising result.

An old lighter, weight two hundred tons, was sunk to the bottom. The air-bag was fastened to it, and air was pumped in until the pressure indicated sixteen and a half pounds to the square inch. Then bag and lighter rose suddenly to the surface, and with such accelerated speed that the heavy vessel leaped, so to speak, four feet out of the water. The lifting power of the air-bag has thus been satisfactorily demonstrated. How many such bags would be required to raise the *Vanguard*?

The torpedo experiments which have been for some time carried on by orders of the Admiralty will shew surprising results in our next naval war—if we are ever to have another. A missile that swims with great velocity under water in any required direction, and blows up just when most mischief is to be done, is a formidable means of attack or defence. The shores generally and the entrances of ports may be so thoroughly protected by torpedoes that the approach of an enemy's ship would seem hardly possible. The forts at Spithead, in addition to their heavy guns, are to be used as torpedo stations, and we are told that in the Noman fort there will be 'a double series of electrical connections by means of five cables, with as many ground-mines. These mines will be surrounded by a number of hidden buoys, each connected with the trunk cables by subsidiary wires. Supposing, then, an enemy's ship should attempt to force her way into Portsmouth, every buoy she touched in her progress would instantly telegraph her approach and exact position to the engineers in the fort, and when it was found that she had got above a mine, or within the range of its offensive influence, a touch would complete the circuit, and an explosion would follow.' The effects of a series of such explosions may be imagined.

Experiments have been tried in some American steamships with a view to do the steering by means of compressed air. To steer by steam is not considered sufficiently trustworthy, as in time of war the steam-engine might be injured by the enemy's shot. When the screw is at work, it moves a pump which compresses air and forces it into a reservoir. When the vessel is under sail, the screw-blades only turn round as she moves through the water, and still furnish power enough to compress the air. The power thus stored is brought to bear on the rudder by mechanical appliances, which, under the influence of an elastic medium, work without shock.

A brick-making machine has been invented in America, which takes in raw clay, tempers it, rejects stones, and makes from fifty to eighty bricks a minute, or, on the average, about thirty-five thousand in a day of ten hours. This seems to be a suitable rate of production in a country where, for some years past, bricks have been baked by steam. The kiln is so constructed that the heat of the fires is made to superheat steam, and this steam is conducted to all parts of the interior, and through the

mass of bricks until they are thoroughly baked. Treated in this way, the bricks are of much better quality, and are less in price than those burnt by fire, for there is a saving of nearly two-thirds on the cost of burning.

It is known that hair, feathers, and such-like articles can be bleached by means of peroxide of hydrogen. A preparation of this substance is sold under the name of Auricome and Golden Hair Water. Dr Hofmann, in writing on this subject, says : 'Peroxide of hydrogen is not the first body the industrial application of which commenced with trifles and gradually reached an unimagined extension. Nitrate of silver served first the vanity of the world as a hair-dye long before its applications in photography. A wish has been expressed that peroxide of hydrogen might be generally accessible at a moderate price, and that it were introduced into the pharmacopœia. For medicinal purposes it is preferable to oxygen, ozone, or ozone water. While ozone only bleaches ivory in the strongest sunshine of summer, there is no doubt but that peroxide of hydrogen would answer the same purpose even in the absence of light.'

The government of India are going to reorganise the system of meteorological observations which has been for some years carried on throughout that great country. Suggestion has been made that the opportunity would be a good one for the introduction of earthquake observations. India is subject to earthquake shocks, which appear to originate in the Himalaya ; and if a continuous series of observations were made with seismometers and other instruments, some knowledge would be gathered on what is at present a difficult and obscure question.

Professor Loomis of Cambridge, New England, continues his 'Contributions to Meteorology,' in which he endeavours to shew what are the laws of the weather in different parts of the world. He traces the courses of storms, and finds that movement is checked by heavy rainfall. This is particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where the warm water of the Gulf Stream produces such an accumulation of vapour that unusually heavy rains occur, and in these rains a storm is sometimes arrested for three or four days. Differences of temperature or of pressure have a remarkable effect and at long distances. In connection with this, Professor Loomis thinks he has discovered a 'law,' and that 'we must conclude that when the temperature of Iceland is much above the mean, the temperature of Central Europe is generally depressed below the mean, and this influence is most decided during the colder months of the year.' In corroboration of this we may cite an instance, of which an account was published by the Austrian Meteorological Society. On the 20th and 21st of May last, a belt of cold of unusually low temperature was observed in Russia and Austria. Mr Stelling, of the St Petersburg Observatory, in discussing the phenomenon, says that the cold is to be attributed to the continuous high range of the barometer, and prevalence of north-easterly winds in England, for some time before and after the two days of extreme cold.

Vice-admiral de Langle has published an able paper 'On the Periodicity of Hurricanes,' in which he maintains that the sun and moon in their

changes of position with regard to the earth play an important part in those atmospheric outbreaks. Study of the records shews that hurricanes occur in certain years and seasons more than others. The season it is thought depends on the sun's place in the ecliptic, while the year corresponds generally with the lunar cycle of nineteen years ; and Mr de Langle finds on examining the particulars of one hundred and ninety-five hurricanes, that one hundred and nine took place within three days of the moon's apogee or perigee, and fifty-six at the time of eclipses of the sun or moon. An eclipse appears to intensify the aerial disturbance ; but it is remarkable that the disturbances are the same in the two hemispheres. The years which shew most hurricanes among the islands of the West Indies also shew that hurricanes occurred in the east both on the north and south of the line. Twenty-five per cent. of the typhoons in the China seas fell on the same days of the month and in the same years as the hurricanes of the Antilles. This is clearly a subject which requires further investigation.

It is a sign of civilisation to build a lighthouse. Round the coasts of Japan and on the shores of the inland seas, there are now twelve lighthouses and two lightships. At all these, registers of the barometer, thermometer, and of the wind are kept ; and out of the registers Commander Tizard, late of the *Challenger*, has compiled a *Contribution to the Meteorology of Japan*, which has been published by authority for the information of mariners, and all persons interested in the wind and weather of that far eastern group of islands.

At a recent meeting in Paris, Mr Leverrier stated that the coast of France is now well provided with meteorological stations whence warnings of storms are issued twenty-four hours in advance. Thus the example set by England is producing good results in other countries. For the inland districts a system of 'agricultural warnings' is to be carried out as soon as the details are settled, and these must necessarily vary with the physical character of the districts included in the scheme. For example, a warning to an agricultural district in Picardy could hardly be the same as a warning to a district in the Lower Pyrenees. At the same meeting it was mentioned that the leading features of the climate of Ajaccio (Corsica) are 'great atmospheric purity and uniformity, regularity in seasonal changes, slight barometric oscillation, mean annual temperature 63° 6', mean winter temperature 63° 2'.' These particulars may perhaps prove interesting to invalids.

During the rainy weather of last year, Professor Piazzi Smyth of Edinburgh, in making spectrum observations noticed a broad bend in the spectrum of daylight, whenever the atmosphere was charged with watery vapour of high temperature, or more particularly when rain was imminent from the south-east. It has been suggested in the Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society that as the south-east is a quarter from which the barometer is generally very little affected, the daily observation of, or looking out for, this peculiar rain-band might prove useful as an addition to the ordinary means available when meteorologists attempt forecasts of the weather.

Among naturalists there are some who believe that an organic jelly-like substance which they call *Bathybius*, exists at the bottom of the sea, and

spreads a layer of rudimentary life beneath the deep waters. Mr Buchanan, who was chemist on board the *Challenger*, discusses this subject in a Report published in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society. If, he remarks, this substance is really formed at the bottom of the sea, 'it could hardly fail to shew itself when the bottom water was evaporated to dryness and the residue heated. In the numerous samples of bottom water which I have examined, there never was sufficient organic matter to give more than a just perceptible grayish tinge to the residue. Meanwhile, my colleague, Mr Murray, had actually observed a substance like coagulated mucus, which answered in every particular, except the want of motion, to the description of the organism; and he found it in such quantity that, if it were really of the supposed organic nature, it must necessarily render the bottom water so rich in organic matter that its presence would be abundantly evident when the water was treated as above described.' The result of the treatment shewed that the supposed organic substance was in reality sulphate of lime, which when subjected to further experiment 'crystallised in the well-known form of gypsum, the crystals being all alike, with no amorphous matter among them.'

During the antarctic portion of the cruise, Mr Buchanan made analyses of sea-water ice—the ordinary pack-ice met with in those regions—and determined its constituents and the temperature at which it melts. From this he found that 'the salt is not contained in it in the form of mechanically inclosed brine only, but exists in the solid form, either as a single crystalline substance, or as a mixture of ice and salt crystals.' And he tells us that a very important practical consequence follows from his observations, 'namely, that pack-ice, though unfit to drink when a lump of it is melted as a whole, may serve as a source of fresh water if melted fractionally. As the melting-point of the salt ice is lower than that of pure ice, it melts first; and at the same time, by keeping down the temperature of the mass to its own melting-point, it prevents any of the fresh ice being wasted. When the salt ice has all been melted, the brine may be thrown away, and the remainder of the ice will supply fresh water. If a thermometer be kept in the ice during the process of melting, it will indicate by its reading when drinkable water is being formed.' These facts are worth making a note of by all who navigate the icy regions whether north or south.

A curious instance of animal transformation has been observed, which perhaps may prove interesting to unlearned readers as well as to naturalists. A small crustacean, one of the Entomostraca, is met with on the sea-shore in different parts of Europe. On the coast of Hampshire it is known as the brine-worm or Lymington shrimp; but its scientific name is *Artemia salina*. This creature inhabits the pools in the salt marshes near Odessa. Those pools, through the breaking of a dyke, had lost much of their original saltiness. The dyke was repaired, and the saltiness of the water went on increasing until it reached twenty-five degrees. Simultaneously with this increase a modification went on in the *Artemia*, until it was changed into a species known as *Artemia Mühlhauseni*. The transformation con-

sisted of a diminution of number in the lobes of the tail, and a general decrease of size. It took place among animals in a state of freedom, and was corroborated by experiment on similar animals in captivity, when precisely similar changes were observed. Moreover, the inverse experiment was tried: *Artemia Mühlhauseni* placed in water rendered less and less salt, gradually retrograded towards the form of *Artemia salina*. The importance of salt as a vital stimulus is, in this case, clearly demonstrated.

We are informed from India that there are large tracts in the Punjab where Dr Angus Smith's suggestions as regards cultivation of peat-bogs and formation of peat reservoirs could be applied with great advantage. Our brief notice of what the doctor has written on the subject appeared in April last.

#### A SOLDIER'S DEATH—1845.

THE foe had left the tented ground;  
The fight was ours; the day was done;  
When he fell, in a deadly swoond,  
Above the heights of Sobraon.

Quick are his friends to bathe his brow,  
To staunch the slowly trickling gore:  
He sees them not, he hears not now,  
Or whispered word, or cannon's roar.

But for a moment, as he waits  
Till death shall close his glazing eyes,  
His spirit, through the opening gates,  
Sees a foretaste of Paradise.

His eye, poor wayworn traveller,  
Rests once more on the heathery brae,  
The drooping birch, the stately fir,  
That fringe the streams of Inveraye.

A little cot he sees once more,  
White in the glare of the sunbeam,  
An aged father at the door,  
A bairnie paddling in the stream.

And from the schoolhouse, pouring out,  
Beside the banks of silver Dee,  
The lads and lassies call and shout,  
And race and chase along the lea.

No more; but as the earthen cords,  
Untying, loose his soul away,  
His comrades catch the faltered words:  
'The bonny birks of Inveraye.'

So let him rest: afar, alone,  
Unseen of friends who held him dear;  
His only word was: 'Duty done,'  
He asked no pity, claimed no tear.

Yet not afar; yet not alone—  
There is one sun, one sky, one day  
Above the heights of Sobraon,  
Above the birks of Inveraye.

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